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Life



SOUVENIRS FOR SUSIE

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

The Perfected Six

¶ The Greater Lexington Minute Man Six—a bear for power, a lamb for docility—is a universal favorite.

¶ The only motor dead gas cannot choke, one-finger emergency brake, beautiful body lines, and 22.8% more power with greater fuel economy are some of its exclusive features made possible by basic and far-reaching improvements.

¶ Ten great, specialized factories contribute to its finished perfection, making its excess value possible at its reasonable price.

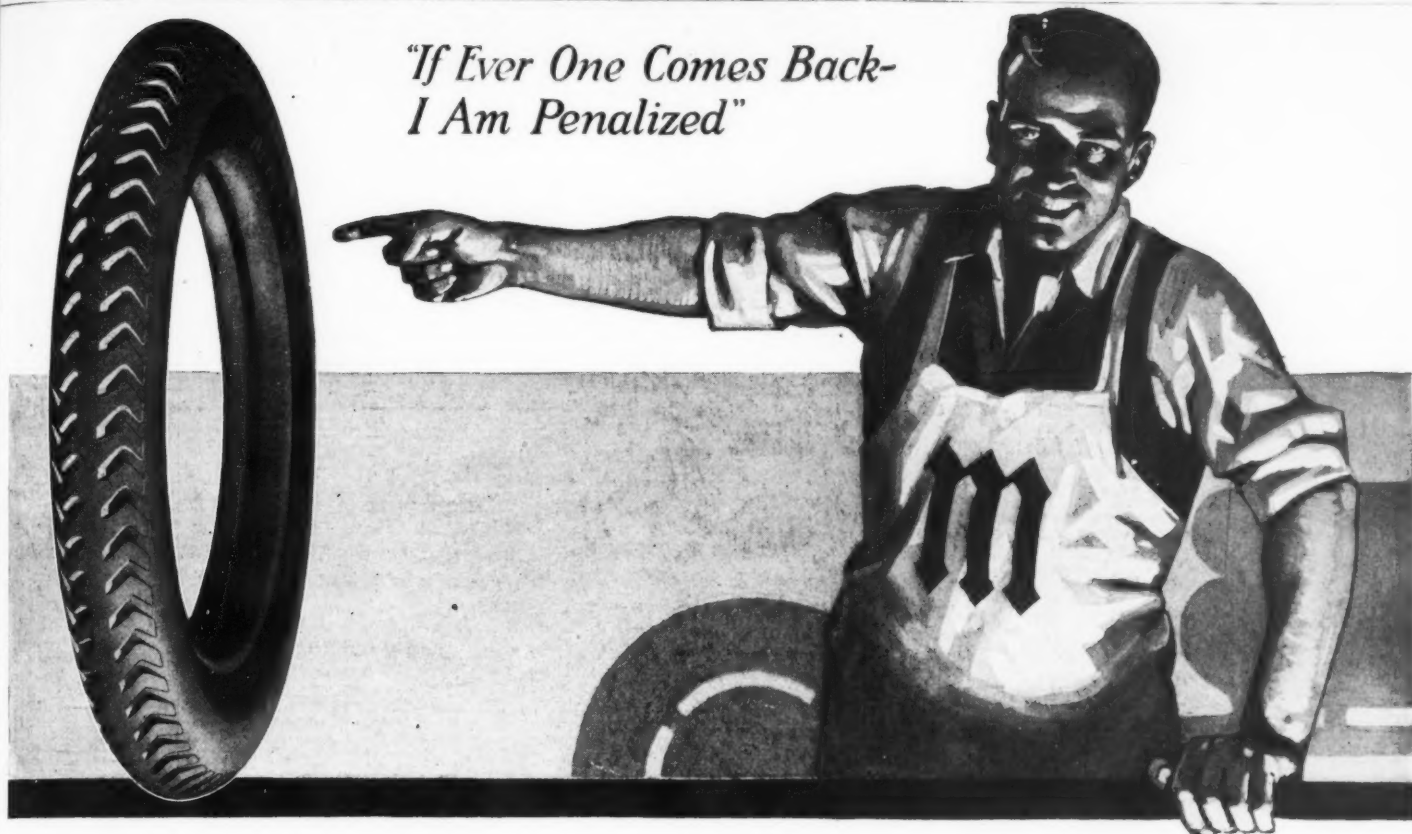
*Series "R" Five Passenger Touring Car
with two auxiliary seats*

\$1585

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice

**Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs.
Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.**





*"If Ever One Comes Back-
I Am Penalized"*

Miller Announces Uniform Tires Built By Crack Squads (96% Perfect)

Now we present the world's first Uniform Tires. Not uniform only in looks—all tires are that. What we announce is uniform mileage. And this in tires already famous for wear. Please read—

MOTORISTS today must choose between approximately 429 brands of tires. Even tires made side by side differ in mileage enormously.

If you get a "lucky tire" it may run between 5,000 and 10,000 miles. The next may fail under 1000.

Not so with Miller Tires. Once they varied as the rest do. Today less than one per cent ever call for adjustment.

Miller has triumphed by ridding these tires of "human variables."

For tires are mostly hand work. They differ as the men who build them differ—and always must.

**Tires 99%
Excellent**

Miller tire builders are carefully recruited. Each must meet exacting standards. Then science keeps books on every man's work.

He is marked on every tire that he builds.

But more than that, he is penalized if ever one comes back. Thus we've created a body of master tire-builders—called the crack regiment of the whole tire army. Their average personal efficiency is 96 per cent.

The tires they build—99 in 100—wear practically uniform

under like conditions. Tens of thousands of records furnish conclusive proof.

One Motorist in Fifty

Tires so uniform can never be produced where quantity output rules. Picked men are limited. And if you multiply workmen, you multiply variables.

Hence we can supply only one dealer in each neighborhood. And only about one motorist in fifty can get Millers.



These are the only tires actually geared-to-the-road. Note the ratchet-like tread—how the cogs engage the ground at each turn.

That gives positive traction; it keeps the wheels from slipping.

Give Them This Test

Next time you buy tires go to the nearest Miller dealer. Put a pair of Miller team-mates on opposite wheels. Then both will experience like wear.

After that test of Miller uniformity you'll never trust to luck.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team Mates of Uniform Tires

A Shooting Star

Is the title on the cover of next week's LIFE, a number which is largely occupied with Aviation. Some of the problems propounded are:

Will flying machines be as thick as mosquitos?

Are there feminine women?

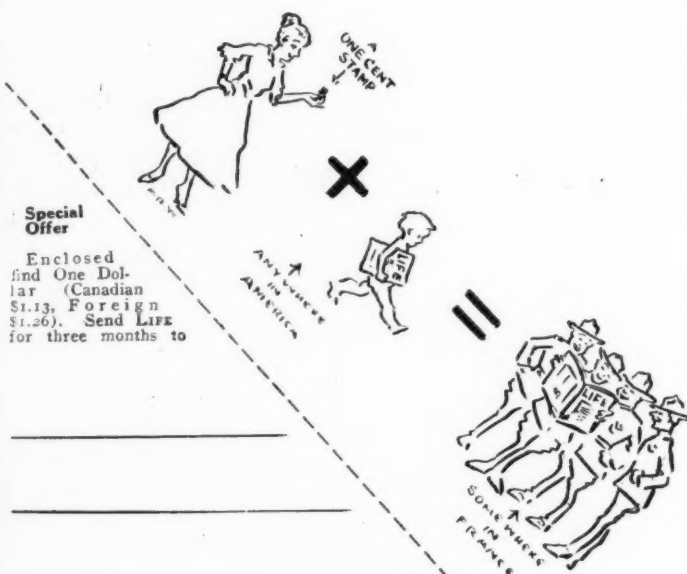
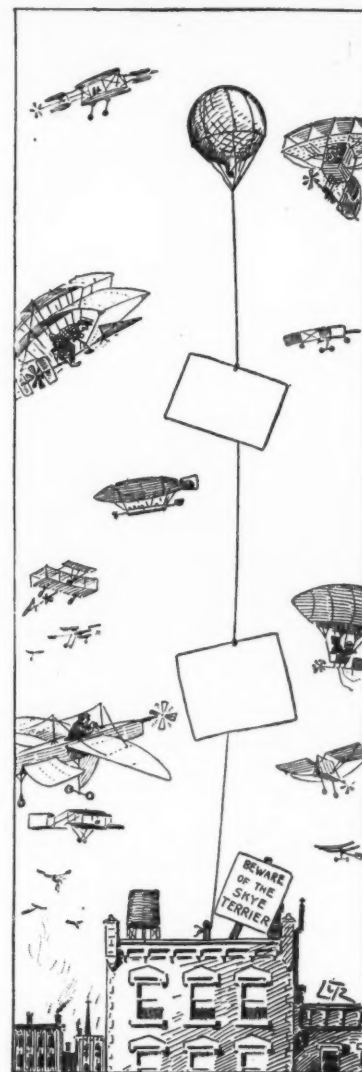
Will the war be confined to this earth?

When you fall, don't choose a glass house.

Lassoing the Kaiser.

How about 1920?

Next week's LIFE—Aviation Number



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

23 LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Just After

The first of the year is for many people the best time to subscribe. If the holiday season has swamped you, now in your saner moment why not obey that impulse?

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LIF

No throat tickle will you have at night if you're but a **LUDEN-ite**

Not poetry—but "cold facts." The menthol properties in Luden's relieve irritation in air passages almost immediately—but a Luden-ite has more than *one* use for Luden's—that's why it pays to have a package in pocket, home and office. Always have Luden's handy at your bedside.

No coloring, no narcotics. Not touched by hands. Luden's yellow sanitary package guards purity.

Luden's Give Quick Relief

5c as usual



LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY
COUGH DROPS

Little Comedies of Married Life

The Husband's Announcement

SCENE: A modest little home, with shabby furniture, but everything neat and clean. Enter husband. To wife, who is sitting quietly crocheting.

HUSBAND (throwing himself in a chair): It's come!

WIFE: What?

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Be sure to place your order with a reliable bookseller, news agent or solicitor, if you do not mail it to **LIFE** direct.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, New York

HUSBAND: I'm discharged. For thirty years I have worked for that company, and now that I am no longer profitable to them they let me go—the worst of it is that I haven't saved a cent. We shall starve.

WIFE: Nonsense! You always were a pessimist. I shall be glad to have a change.

HUSBAND: A change?

WIFE (calmly): Yes. During the past thirty years you have given your salary, amounting to between four and five thousand dollars, to me, haven't you?

HUSBAND: Why, yes.

WIFE: Well, I've saved nearly half of it each year. With the accumulated interest, it amounts to seventy-five thousand dollars—a tidy sum, and it all belongs to me. Oh, never fear! I'll keep it. My next husband—and a fine fellow he is—will not marry me for money.

HUSBAND: Your next husband! What do you mean?

WIFE: That I shall marry at once—a more cheerful person than you.

HUSBAND: But you are married to me. How can you—

WIFE: Simplicity itself! I can divorce you for non-support. How can you get work at your time of life?

MONTAIGNE always contended that humor was the best concealment for craft. Therefore he advised his pupils in diplomacy to become regular subscribers to **LIFE** and study it carefully.



WAR NOTE

THE ENGLISH DELIVERED A SMASHING BLOW
ON THE GERMAN BASE

The Jar of Musterole on the Bath-Room Shelf

When little Susie had the croup; when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold; when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates down to where the congestion causes the ache or the cold. And the heat which it generates usually carries off the congestion together with the cold or sprain or rheumatism. Yet its heat is a non-blistering heat. Musterole even *feels cool* a few moments after you have applied it. And the ease usually comes immediately while you are rubbing on Musterole over the place. Keep your jar of Musterole on the bath-room shelf—handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio





Expressive of a Permanent Ideal

THE New York home of the White Motor Car recently erected in the heart of the City's finer motor travel, at Park Avenue and 57th Street, is an expression in marble and stone of undeviating high quality and permanence.

The structure is a pure example of Italian Renaissance with an interior spaciouly designed for the appropriate service of White patrons. Visitors in New York as well as our customers and their friends are cordially invited to call.

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

LIFE



AS THE SCHOOL BELL STOPS RINGING
"GEE WHIZ! LATE AGAIN!"

Differing with the Kaiser

The German sword will regain us the respect of all the world.
—The Kaiser.

THOUGH German swords should
hew a path
From pole to frozen pole,
Still would the flame of bitter wrath
Burn brightly in my soul;
And still I'd see the little ghosts
Of babes that Prussia slew,
And all the countless murdered hosts—
And so, pray God, will you!

Though every nation sink at last
Beneath those blood-stained swords,
Still shall I bear in mind the past
And loathe the Prussian hordes:
Still I'll recall the awful fears
They loosed: the earthly hell;
And I shall curse them down the
years—
I pray you will as well.

Think you that any threat of steel
Can make a nation blind?
Think you that tramp of iron heel
Can crush a nation's mind?
Although the sabre of the Hun
Should pierce me through and
through,
I'd loathe him still for all he'd done—
And so, pray God, would you!
Kenneth L. Roberts.

Are We Coming to This?

"EXCUSE me, sir, but you are the head man of this blooming country, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know what your title is, whether you call yourself prime minister or president or leader; but that doesn't matter. You are in charge?"

"That is correct."

"And you got your authority from the people, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, from the majority of the people. They voted me in."

"Very well. And I understand that you have a war on your hands."

"A very bad war. Millions of lives have already been sacrificed, whole regions of the most beautiful country on the earth's surface have been devastated, and, in fact, it is the most terrible war that ever was."

"Yes; so I am informed. And now I suppose you would like to know who I am."

"Yes."

"Well, I am the head of a body of strikers who have been engaged in making war materials for you."

"Indeed. I am pleased to meet you."

"I believe that you have made the statement that owing to my men going out on strike the war has been indefinitely prolonged."

"Ah, yes; but I hope you haven't taken any offense at it."

"We have! And I demand an immediate apology."

"Dear me! I am terribly sorry; but of course you know that the statement is true."

"That has nothing to do with it; of course it is true. But what you seem to forget, my dear sir, is that the immediate welfare of my men is much more important than that this war shall be decided immediately."

"Well, I hope you will pardon me."

"And you promise never to do it again?"

"Never!"

"And I trust this will be a lesson to you. We strikers don't propose to tolerate any more nonsense from people like you. Good day!"



Small Boy (after hearing a vivid sermon on the Crucifixion): MOTHER,
WILL I EVER HAVE TO BE CRUCIFIED?

GENERAL Nathan Bedford Forrest's formula for military success, "Git thar fustest with the mostest men," suggests a new formula for political success, "Git thar fustest with the mostest women."

"MAMMA, Billy Smith is keeping chickens now, and I have declared war upon him."

"What for?"

"Well, I want to make our back garden safe for the world."

Lynics of Travel

By John Kendrick Bangs

GETTING SHAVED ON A PULLMAN

REGARDLESS of danger and fearless of pain,
I thought I'd get shaved on a Limited Train.
I seated myself in the ample plush chair,
So broad and capacious, so restful and fair,
And called for the chap
In the white canvas cap
Who gallantly barbered the passengers there.

He had me strapped in in a minute or two,
And brandished his brush like old Brian Boru,
He lathered my jaw, and my brow, and my studs;
He speckled and spattered me as to my duds,
And when with a swerve
The train took a curve,
He filled up my mouth with a brushful
of suds.

His razor he stropped till its edge was
as keen
As the blade of a premium mowing-
machine,
Then poising himself on the tip of his
toes,
For the base of my chin made a couple
of throws,
When the car with a twitch
Jangled over a switch,
And up in the air flew the end of my
nose.

Undaunted, his razor held fast in his fist,
His elbow thrust deep in the midst "o' me chist,"
He gave seven swoops—it may have been more—
One furrowed my forehead, the others the door—
When a signal ahead
Stopped the Limited dead,
And the lobe of my ear slithered off to the floor.

"Please leave me my cheek," I observed with
a grin.

"My business calls for much cheek, and my
chin—"

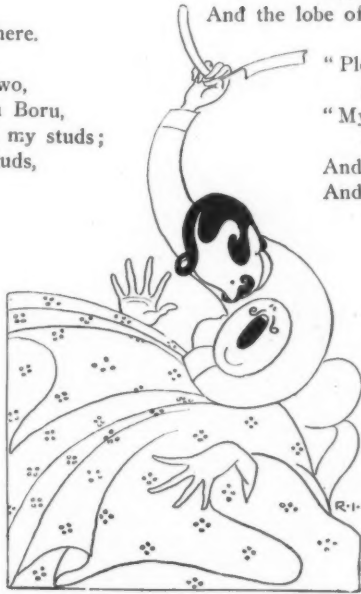
And the engine ahead gave a toot and a crash,
And we started again with a bang and a smash,
And the chap with the knife
Gave the whoop of his life,
And swish went a half of my treas-
ured mustache.

I soon sank unconscious deep down in
the chair,
And lay for two hours unknowingly
there.

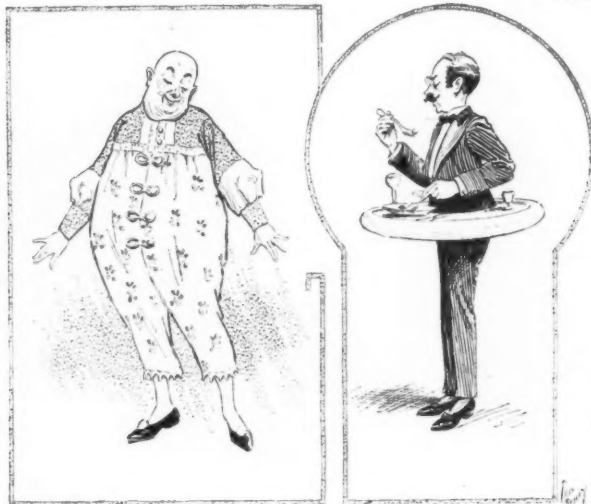
What happened in detail is shadowed
in doubt,

Ere I rose from the chair at the end
of the rout;

But this much is true—
When at last I came to,
While I hadn't been shaved, my appen-
dix was out!



"Undaunted"



FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN

FLACID PAJAMAS FOR THE MAN WHO SLEEPS, SOCIETY SATIN YOKE WITH SLEEVES OF GEORGETTE CREPE
SMART DINNER JACKET OF BROADCLOTH WITH A PNEUMATIC GIRDLE



MORE KULTUS

Congress Is a School

CONGRESS is bestowed upon us to make our laws when we need new ones, and to spend our money.

We are bestowed upon Congress to instruct it.

Congress, besides being a legislative body, is a great school; by far the most expensive in the country, and not a bad place to acquire knowledge. The original intention was that Congress should be composed entirely of instructed persons, but that intention was never more than approximately realized, and nowadays the approximation is not at all close. On the contrary, Congress is composed largely of persons who excel in only one branch of knowledge. They know how to get elected to Congress. In most other matters most of them have a lot to learn, and are the more difficult to teach because they are so little aware of their need of learning. But their work is so important that knowledge has to be forced upon them.

It is everybody's duty to do what he can to bring congressional intelligence at least up to the level of the intelligence of the rest of the country, and then to push it as far above that level as possible. In the course of successive terms this so much to be desired result is likely to be accomplished for members who can hold their jobs. Few men who continue long in Congress escape knowledge; many learn much, and some become experts.

There are two ways in which a congressman may learn:

(1) by keeping quiet, paying attention and dealing faithfully and studiously with such duties as are assigned to him, and (2) by talking freely in the House and in the papers on all subjects. The latter is the easier way. Garulous congressmen who love advertisement and talk freely to the papers are sure to have information brought to them. The loudest congressmen and senators from the most retired districts who vaunt with shrillest defiance their devotion to the simple life and the standards of the plain peepul, wear socks after a while like other folks in Washington, take their food with decorum, and often, in course of time, come to be owners of Tuxedo jackets. They also learn that what they knew about human existence when they came to Washington was not all there was to know, and that there is more to civilization than you would think.

Just now congressmen are indulging in an exceptional burst of talk, with resulting instruction, sometimes to the public, sometimes to themselves. Some have come back full of stories from France and the Western battle-front, and are telling them. Congressman Miller, who lately expressed in the House his deep indignation that American soldiers in France were employed to polish the boots of "their superiors," is getting in a splendid line of information about cleaning boots, and whether it is an improper service for a soldier to render, and whether officers really

The A B C of Kultur



Viss Valhalla—the Warriors' Himmel,
A Land that is Flowing
Mit Lager und Kimmel.
The Faithful shall Feast 'neath
the Frankfurter Trees,
Und Essen und Trinken as much
as they Please.



W stands for the World
that we want
With a Will for Possession
that Nothing can Daunt;
And you should Remember the
Wise Men all say
That Where there's a Will there
is always a Way.



X stands for Cross. If
you're Anxious to Win it,
This is the way that you have to
begin it:
Blow up a Schoolhouse and,
Brush up on Arson,
Bomb a few Nurses and Murder
a Parson.



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 33

THE PROFESSOR IS INDUCED BY ONE OF MOLLY'S FRIENDS TO ACT AS GODFATHER TO HER FIRST-BORN

do regard private soldiers as "inferiors." Someone who signs himself "A British Officer" has written to the *New York Times*, offering, while he is in Washington, to shine Mr. Miller's boots daily, "if doing so will convince him that it is neither a menial task nor one unbecoming a soldier." Mr. Miller has doubtless all his life considered shining boots as something no self-respecting man should ever do for another. Think what an advantage it is to him to have it brought home to him that cleaning boots is all in the day's work, like any other job that has to be done!

Then there is the case of Representative Wood of Indiana. Observing how important it is that Liberty Bonds should not be dumped on the market and the price broken, he introduced a resolution last month to make it un-

lawful to buy the Federal war bonds for less than their face value with accrued interest. Immediately he got a lot of instruction from the newspapers about the effect on the bonds of such a law. Of course, anything you can't lawfully sell, even in an emergency, except at par, is worth less than it would be without such a restriction, and Mr. Miller's proposed resolution would hurt the bonds he aims to help.

There are always able men in Congress, without private means, who live frugally and sacrifice their private interests to public duty. We should be grateful to them. If they stay in Congress a long time they become very important members of the government, but as they grow older and their families grow up and old age begins to threaten them, their impecuniousness

becomes a serious matter, and sometimes they resign and rush around to make a little money before they are incapacitated.

Mr. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn says he must quit after his present term. We believe his is a case of that sort. Somehow it should be contrived that members who stay in Congress as he has stayed and work as he has worked should be pensioned.

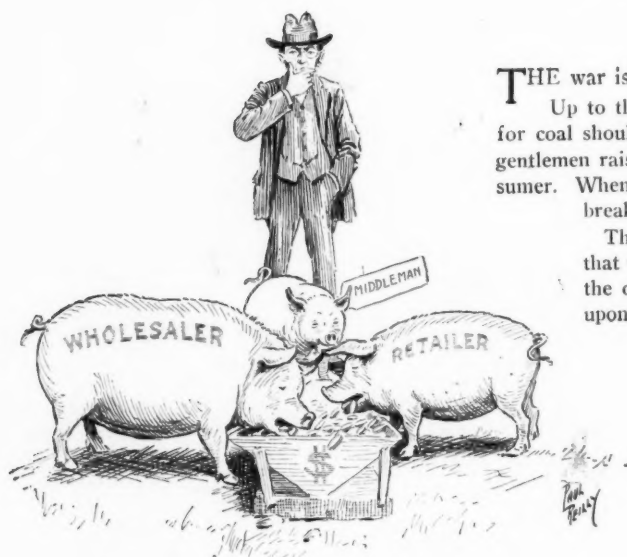
A Reasonable Request

THE shade of the ordinary mortal meets the shade of Dickens.

"Would you mind telling me what happens in the last half of 'David Copperfield'?" asks the shade of the ordinary mortal. "I bought a set of your books on the installment plan, and was just half through that book when I died."

· LIFE ·

Coal



"I WONDER WHY THEY CALL ME THE 'CONSUMER'"

THE war is certainly accomplishing something.

Up to this time it was generally assumed that the excessive price paid for coal should quite naturally go into the pockets of the operators. These gentlemen raised the price of coal systematically, and took it out of the consumer. When the miners went on strike they burst into tears, and their heart-breaking sobs could be heard all the way to the Pacific coast.

The recent discovery that the coal shortage was due to the fact that the men would no longer work for the wages received, and that the only way to get them to work was to pay them enough to live upon, marks an epoch. "The agreement," says the *New York Sun*, "gives the mine workers increases in the average daily pay ranging from twenty-five cents to forty-eight cents over the scales put into effect last spring."

The principle that a few men can control a great natural resource which belongs to the whole people, and fix the prices at their own pleasure, making fabulous money out of it, while on the one hand the miners are forced into receiving pay that they cannot live upon, and on the other hand the public is systematically robbed—well, it may be worth a war to show up this principle and put it where it belongs.

Ah, William!

"AND now, children, we come to that important country, Germany, that is governed by a man called a Kaiser," said the teacher. "Can anyone tell me what a Kaiser is? Yes, Willie!"

"Please, ma'am, a Kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up in the air and disturbin' the earth."

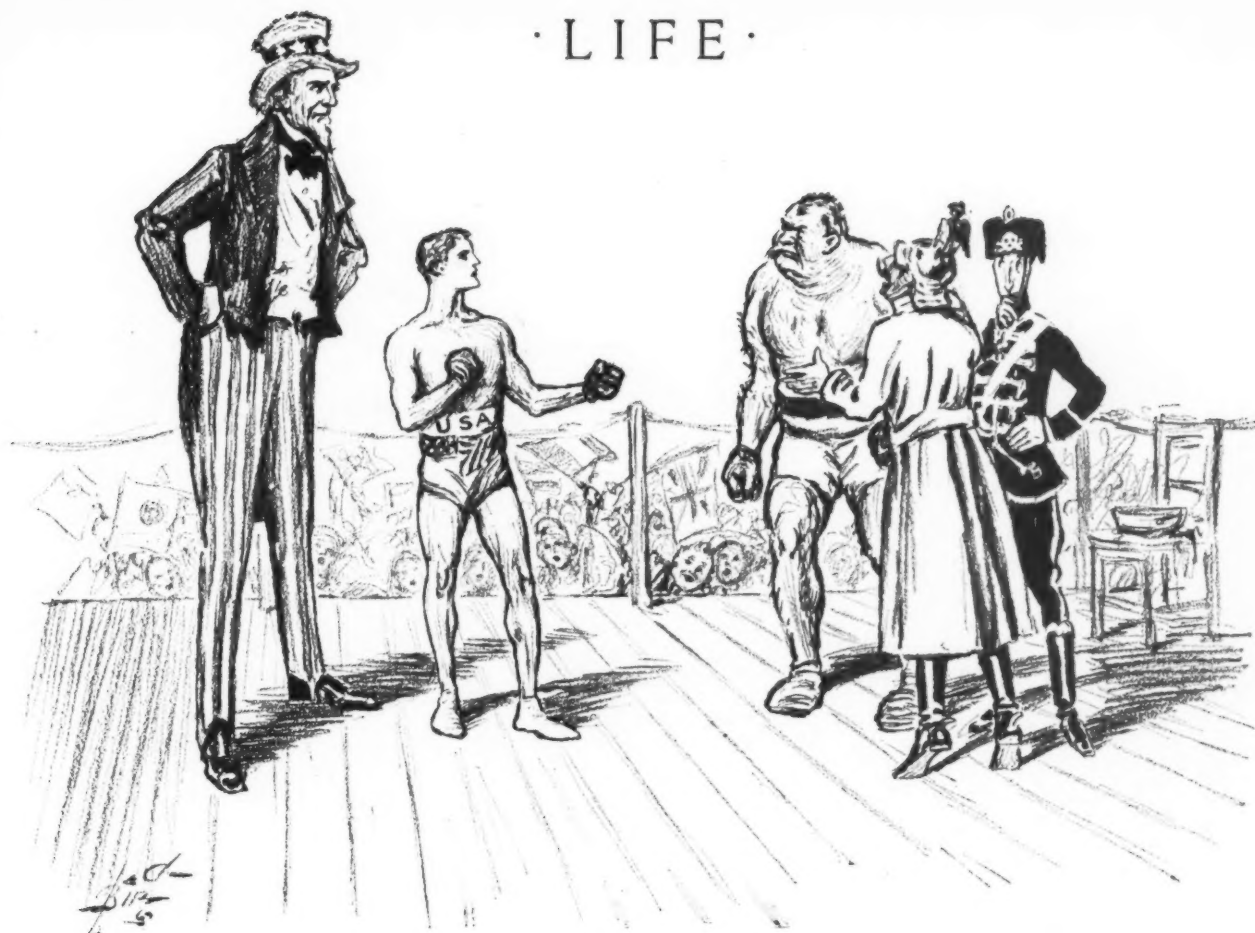


John Bull: IT'LL BE JUST MY LUCK FOR THE U-BOATS TO LET THAT GET OVER



"GEE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THE WAR'S OVER!"

· LIFE ·



A NEW MAN IN THE RING

Kaiser Wilhelm: DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM! HE'S NEW TO THE GAME, AND SEE HOW SMALL HE IS.
Ferocious Fritz: YES, BUT HE'S GETTING BIGGER EVERY SECOND.

Smokeless Day

DR. ANNA SHAW is nothing if not revolutionary. In a recent lecture she came out in favor of a smokeless day.

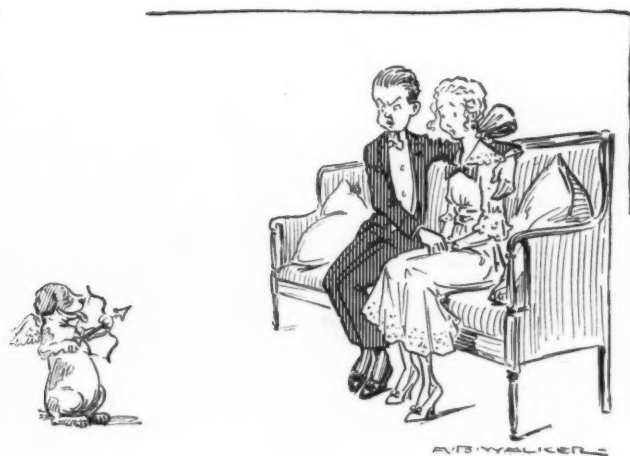
Dr. Shaw declared that as long as women were saving on clothes and food the men ought to do their share also. To abstain from smoking one day a week, Dr. Shaw declared, was the least they could do. And think of the results!

This seems a fair thing, so far as the men are concerned, but is it fair for smoking ladies? Ought they to be included?

Emancipation

WITH meatless, wheatless, eatless days,
 Coal indicating heatless days,
 The melancholy days have come, yet taxes make us miser-
 less.

An avalanche of less-less days,
 Successless days and messless days,
 Just makes us fight with all our might that Germany be
 Kaiserless!



JUST PUPPY LOVE

A Litany

FROM foes within and foes without,
 From Shadow Huns and spies,
 From those who fear and those who doubt,
 From sophistry and lies,
 From those whose special pleas assist
 An enemy abhorred,
 From hyphenate and pacifist—
 Deliver us, O Lord!

From college cranks on dress parade,
 From laggards in our land,
 From slacker, coward and renegade,
 From foes of native brand,
 From critics and their poisoned darts
 That cut like two-edged sword;
 From all but patriotic hearts—
 Deliver us, O Lord!

From crawlers of the trousered kind,
 From mortal weeds and tares,
 From men like moles, asleep and blind,
 From human hounds and hares,
 From whiskered wasps and social fleas—
 The van of treason's horde—
 From all of these—Our Father, please—
 Deliver us, O Lord!

*Woodbridge Clapp.***The Greatest People Alive To-day***(According to the Outcast Dog)*

THE beautiful lady who rescued him from a gang of tormenting youths.

Her little girl companion who untied the tin can from his tail.

The middle-aged man who welcomed them all into the house.

The boy who insisted on hugging him.

The invalid girl who said: "Poor little dear!"

The old man who tickled him behind the ears.

The round little woman who gave him a warm bath and bound up his bruised hind legs.

A Novel Problem

AN army officer stationed at one of the cantonments gives us this bit of information: "I note that around the various reading-rooms LIFE is the first publication to wear out. I have even seen copies, too worn longer to hold together, distributed by leaves!"

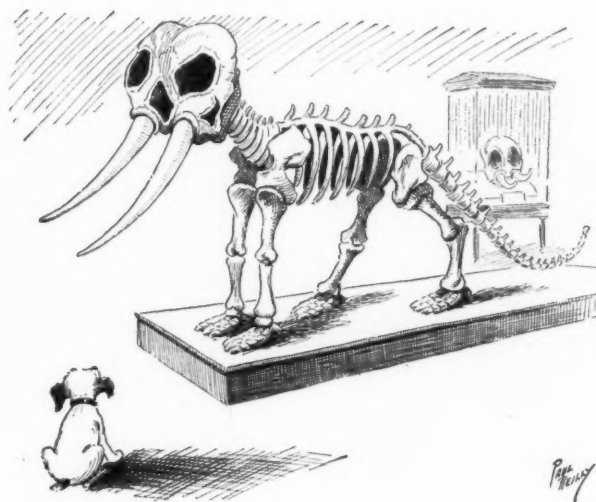
The only way that occurs to us by which we can meet this situation is to get out a special military edition of LIFE, printed on boiler-plate and copper-riveted.

WISCONSIN is said to be getting ready to repudiate La Follette. We are glad that Wisconsin is getting into the war at last.



The Flirt: FOR AN ARMY OFFICER, YOU ARE NOT VERY VENTURESOME.

Shy Suitor: I BELONG TO THE RESERVES.



"WELL, WELL! THIS MUST BE HIS MEATLESS TUESDAY"



THOUGHTS ON GLORY



JANUARY 10, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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English Offices, Rolls House, Brema's Bldgs., London, E. C.

SANGUINE
peace-
seekers, ob-
serving the
Trotzky peace
manœuvres,
think that

Germany, being now about ready to come across, has sent Austria around by the way of Russia to try that bridge.

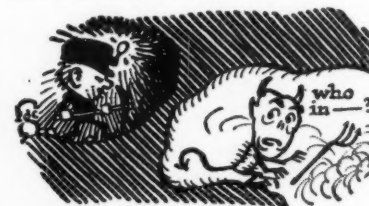
Less sanguine observers think that Germany sees a military advantage in humoring the Bolsheviki government, thereby prolonging chaos in Russia, promoting the demoralization of the Russian army, and practicing to secure a free hand and immense reinforcements for a coming campaign in the west.

Our papers report that Count Czernin's proposals are denounced by Pan-German organs as a gift to the Allies of all Germany has fought for and all she has won in the war. True enough, the Count disclaims for his side (1) "forcible annexation of territories seized during the war" and (2) all intention "to deprive of political independence those nations which lost it during the war." The Pan-Germans might reasonably object to that, and their objections might well be advertised to increase the plausibility and popularity of these suggestions.

The Count (3) would have each government make its own settlement with "those nationalities who have not political independence," looking carefully (4) to the protection of the rights of minorities. He suggests (5) that both sides renounce indemnification for war costs and war damages, and stipulates (6) that Germany's captured colonies be returned to her.

This is practically a bid for the *status quo ante* with variations doubtless favorable to Germany. When one considers the size of Germany's intentions in the world-power-or-down-and-out enthusiasm of her first plunge, they are a come-down. But they do not provide reparation for Belgium or France, nor solve the problem of Alsace-Lorraine, nor notice Italy at all, and acceptance of them would involve return of Jerusalem, Bagdad and Armenia to Turkey and return to Germany of Kiau-Chau and other territories much better out of German hands. They might be modified to give better satisfaction in most of these particulars, and probably would be, but even so, there would remain the potent objection to making peace with a Germany still controlled, shaped, taught, trained and spoken for by the war-loving, devil-worshipping military aristocracy, to which treaties are bits of paper, and of which Mr. Wilson has expressed so acceptably the civilized world's abhorrence. Count Czernin has not yet suggested any way by which peace, when it comes, shall take visible shape as an agreement between peoples, and not a mere bargain between the chosen and responsible representatives of the Allied peoples and the military masters of the Central Powers. That alone, so far as we Americans are concerned, leaves his proposals in the limbo of mere contemplation. We read them, of course; it is certain that our government gives them patient attention. If, presently, they are brought to the Allies' notice in a way to make an answer advisable, no doubt our government may concur

—not improbably will lead—in whatever answer is returned.



MEANWHILE, in a modest way, we are getting quite a nip of war pains. This habit of life in the countries of the temperate zone, which we flatter by the name of civilization, has come in the last two generations to rest upon coal. When coal lags, it slows up, and when coal stops, it stops. The great concomitant mischiefs of war are cold, hunger and disease. We have not been hungry yet to hurt, and outside of some army camps we have not been unusually plagued with disease; neither have we frozen to death in great numbers, but we have been cold, and may be colder before spring.

Heaven knows what is going to become of this world when the coal supply is exhausted—as probably it will be sometime, and we who are now alive may be thankful we will not be there to see. Possibly the people of the coalless future will all migrate in winter like the birds; possibly—and not unlikely—new ways of keeping warm will be discovered, or some bright youth some bright morning will hit upon that method so much desired of getting the heat out of things that contain heat, without waste. Possibly, also, the improvements 'n war will be such that the coal civilization and the people who patronize it will disappear before the coal does. All that is in the Lord's hands, and we can't tell about it, but this present coal scarcity while we are still here and our sooty civilization is still going is up to us.



IT seems that in spite of the war, and the lively operation of increased numbers of factories, and of unusual amounts of coal exported, we have still enough to skimp along on fairly com-



THE BEAR THAT WALKS LIKE A (GER)MAN

fortably if only we could get it distributed. The main trouble has been with the railroads, which have been overwhelmed with traffic, balled up with government orders, financially embarrassed by rate restrictions, the rise of wages and Liberty Bond competition in the money market, and have not been able to fetch the coal around fast enough to appease the climate. Becoming aware of the increasing chill in our extremities, Mr. Wilson has used the extraordinary war powers entrusted to him by Congress, and taken over all the railroads and handed them to Mr. McAdoo to run.

Everybody is pleased with this action except Congressman Gillette of Massachusetts, who does not approve of Mr. McAdoo's getting any more jobs. The railroad men are delighted (so far) because, though they will do the work as heretofore, Mr. McAdoo will have to raise all the money to keep the roads going, replenish plants and rolling stock, and pay dividends (as arranged) on the basis of the earnings of the last three years. We shall now have an experimental exhibition of what railroading would be like if the govern-

ment owned the roads. It will not be a perfect exhibition, because the present officers of the roads were not selected by politicians, but by bankers, railroad men and other persons of discernment. All the same it will be an interesting show, and one wishes the late Mr. Harriman might have lived to see it, for it will be the kind of co-operative railroading he seemed to believe in and in which he would doubtless have liked to have a hand. If all the railroads working together for good, discarding agreements, mixing up routes, pooling all facilities and all receipts, can clear the terminals, distribute the coal and do the enormous business of the war, it will be a highly instructive experiment.

But, gosh! brethren; how are all these precious eggs, so long guarded in their individuality and broken now for the war, ever going to be unscrambled? Would that Mr. Morgan might come back to see it done! Here is government ownership virtually under trial, and national prohibition and national woman suffrage staring us in the face! Will William Bryan insist upon running again for President next time on the

ground that the war that he fought off as long as he could has vindicated all his political aspirations?



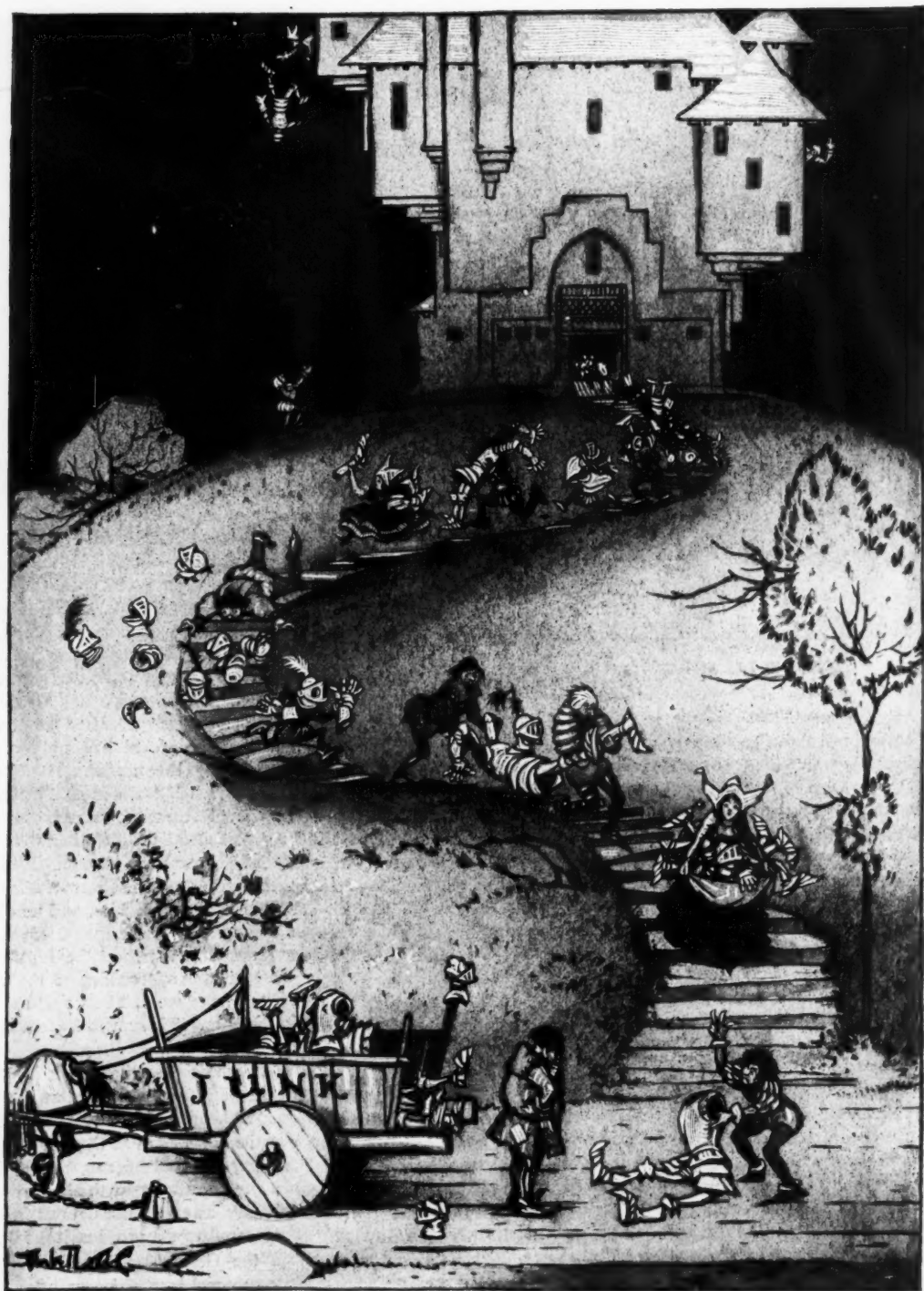
OUR war job goes along with power, but not without many sorrowful and disconcerting details. The considerable loss of life, especially in some of the western camps (that at Fort Worth in Texas for one) from lack of proper clothing and shelter, is very painful. Red tape, ignorance, green hands and other like impediments try the patience of the faithful and cost heavily in life, time and treasure.

Of course that is pretty sad, but to make and officer even a million soldiers out of raw material is not a short-hand job. The worst of the sorrows that come to notice is the lack of clothing, shelter and heat which has caused so many fatal combinations of measles and pneumonia in new troops.

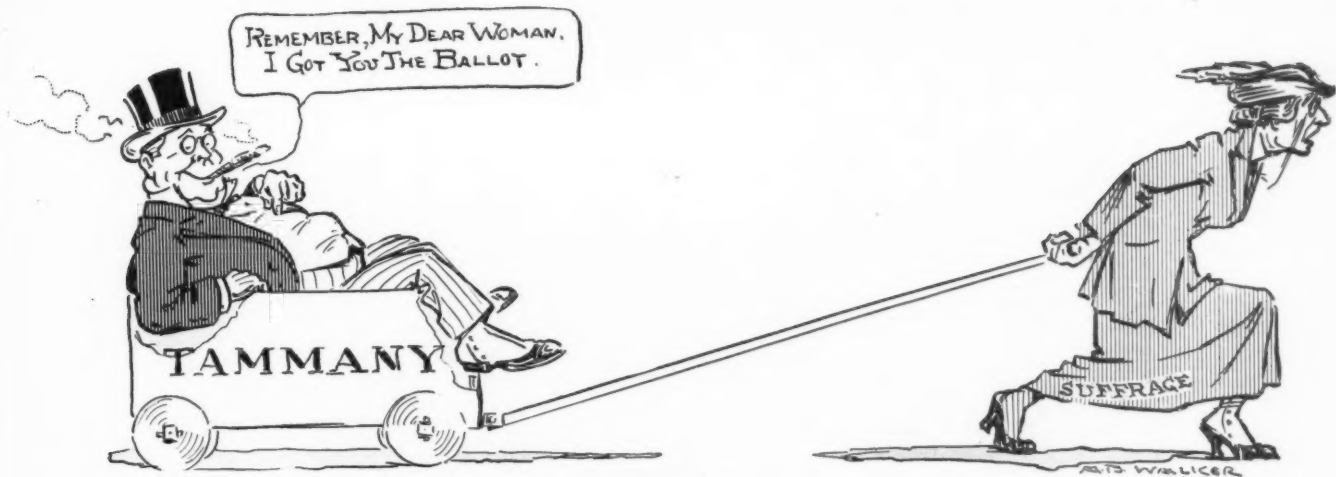
The *World* thinks things would not have been nearly so bad if such timely information of needs and dangers as the newspaper possessed and would gladly have given, had not been repressed by the censor. We believe there is much truth in that opinion.

Colonel Roosevelt would, and does, say it was "all Wilson's fault," because he didn't start soon enough. He might well have started sooner if Congress would have helped him, and he did try months before war came. He was slow at first, it is true, but the fault is the fault or the misfortune of the whole country, and we had better all shoulder it together. There will be enough of it to go around.

The Colonel, by the way, is in danger of seeming to be the greatest pessimist in sight about the war. Day in and day out he advocates universal military training as our permanent national policy. He seems to think the war is going to leave all the nations in arms and bound to stay so, but it won't, unless the Germans win. Nevertheless, in any event, some degree of military training is likely to be necessary for us, and so much of it as is necessary had better be universal. The militia system is bad. We have had enough of that.



IN YE GOCDE OLDE DAYS
YE OLDE CLOTHES MAN



HER VICTORY

Precautions

"A H! Good morning, sir. You are the owner of an American munition plant, I believe."

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I merely dropped in to inquire what precautions you were taking against being blown up."

"Precautions? I don't understand you, sir."

"I mean are you doing anything to prevent the destruction of your plant?"

"Certainly I am. I have had a handsome notice printed saying that if anyone destroys this plant they may be punished for it."

"But have you any watchmen?"

"Watchman! My dear sir, are you aware that the price of a watchman has risen to five dollars a day?"

"But don't you think you ought to take some measures? I understand there are German and Austrian spies everywhere, and that property is being destroyed at a great rate."

"Well, I am delighted that you take enough interest to keep me informed. I shall order immediately a couple of water barrels and drop a postal card to the local police telling them to keep an eye on my place. But when you ask me to employ efficient watchmen or to question my employees, that's going too far. Why, sir, the more employees I have, no matter what their nationality, the more money I make; and it's hard enough to get 'em anyway!"



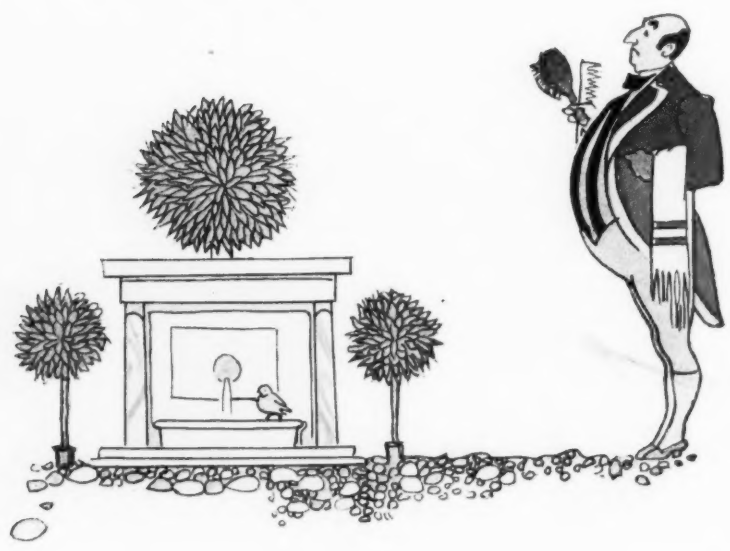
VETERANS



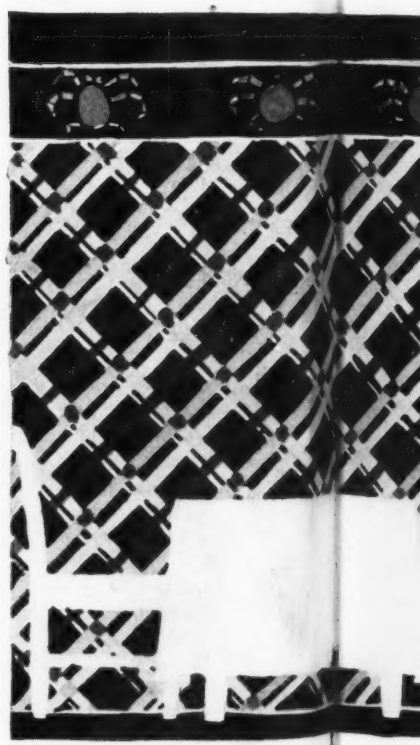
SIMPLE DESIGN FOR A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP



HOUSE FOR MAN-ABOUT



ROMAN BATHING PAVILION FOR CANARIES

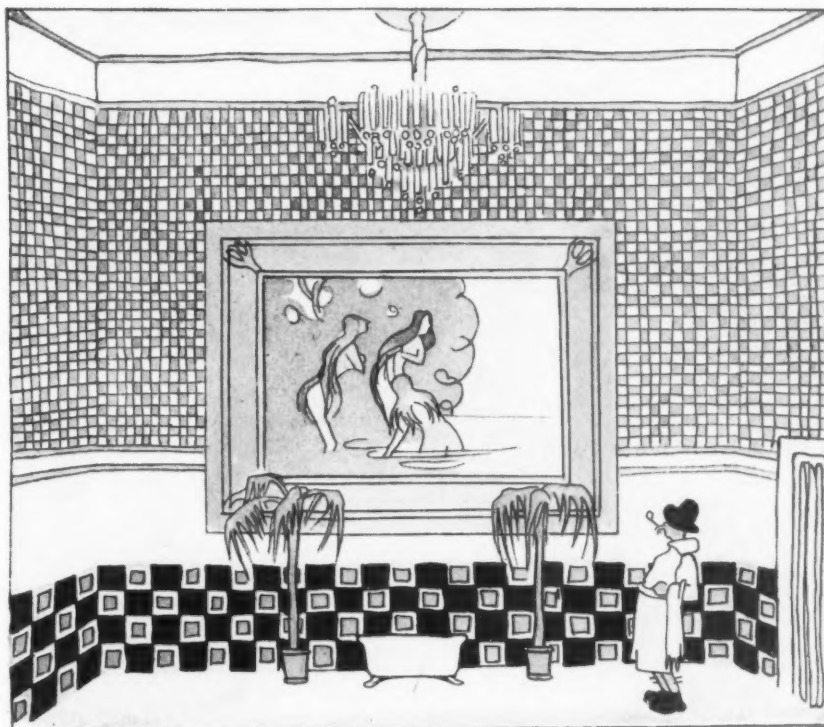


SCOTCH PLAID BREAKFAST ROOM FOR B.

The Home Won
ART IN EVERYTHING



HOUSE FOR MAN-ABOUT-TOWN



MODEL BATHROOM FOR WORKING MEN



BREAKFAST ROOM FOR BACHELOR APARTMENT



JOLLY LITTLE RECEPTION HALL

the Home Wonderful
ART IN EVERYTHING

LIFE



A CHARMED "LIFE"

Anti Blurbing

THE modest editor of the *Metro-politan Magazine* thus prefaces a new novel begun in a recent issue of that—in many respects—admirable periodical:

We take particular pride in publishing this splendid dramatic novel of real life. Booth Tarkington is our greatest living writer. . . . We have a story of intimate family life done with the power of a Balzac or a Dickens.

This is the kind of thing known in publishing and professional literary circles as a "blurb." It is supposed to stimulate the readers' interest in the author and the story. There must be some reason for this belief, as the practice appears to be spreading.

But does it do any good? Doesn't it disgust a good many readers? Doesn't it distinctly weaken the prenatal impression of any magazine story to be told by the people whose obvious aim is to sell as many copies as possible that the author is "the greatest living writer"?

In the present instance Booth Tarkington is an able writer, and we have no doubt that his story is a good one. We do not believe that Mr. Tarkington himself would think of comparing it with Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities."

Why doesn't he get after them with a shotgun?

"WHAT work of fiction do you like the best?"

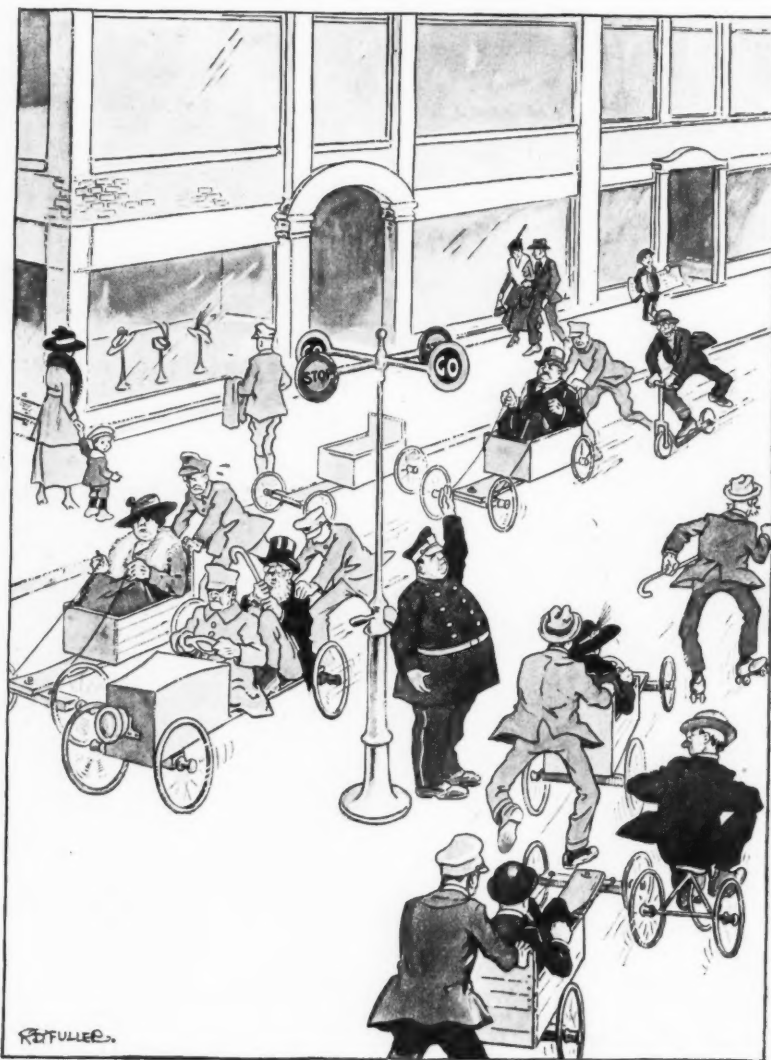
"I never can decide between the *Evening Journal* and the *Telegram*."

Greeting from China

LIFE is a magazine which is mean without caustic wit, reactionary without a firm basis of conservatism or of aristocratic idealism, moderately indecent without a trace of the *esprit gaulois*, a demagogic truckler to mob spirit without dynamic personality. Its crude theological conceptions, its still cruder scientific opinions, its crass notions of married life, its race prejudices, its obvious padding are not funny—they are pitiable in the twentieth century. Were it not for this pitiable exhibition of editorial paucity each week, it would be a magazine for the United States to be ashamed of. Not even its charities and its dramatic criticisms can ever redeem it from being low, vulgar, and dull.

GEORGE H. DANTON.

Tsing Hua College, Peking, China, December, 1917.



WHEN GASOLINE GIVES OUT



"MY DEAR, THE 'KEEP-A-PIG MOVEMENT' WAS PERFECTLY CORRECT IN THEORY, BUT I FEAR THERE HAS BEEN SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR APPLICATION OF IT"

Russia

If we are to avoid future disappointment, depression which will weaken our wills and break down our courage, it is essential to recognize that for the duration of the present war Russia has ceased to be a factor.—*The Tribune*.

YES, brother; probably; but what will you bet on it? Do you, in your mind, offer a hundred to one that Russia doesn't come back before the war ends, or ten to one, or five to one?

It makes for concentration of opinion to express oneself in terms of hazard.

Anyone who counts on Russian armies to help end the war and is going to be depressed if they don't, had better put his mind on something else. But Russia is not pro-German yet, and she occupies a large spot on the map, and one way or another she is still liable to count. Even if her armies do not help the Allies, is it not possible that her example will count in Germany for something not favorable to

military energy? At least the Russian bugaboo is not so useful to scare German children with as it was.

It is not safe to count out a country so uncertain as Russia is.

What She Did

MRS. WILLIS: Did Mrs. Bump register?

MRS. GILLIS: Yes.

MRS. WILLIS: Did she give her age away?

MRS. GILLIS: Yes; away off.



Looking Back at the Holiday Offerings



"WHY MARRY?" is somewhat contemporary in its witty argument and perhaps largely prophetic. The author discovers that woman is taking practically her freedom to earn her own living, and therefore to be free from her former traditional and conventional limitations in her relations with the opposite sex. The heroine of this play, brought up in a marriage-revering atmosphere, insists on taking up the companionship of the man she loves, but without the inconvenience of marriage with the only escape death or divorce. This gives the author plenty of suggestion for humorous situations and witty dialogue. The topic brings him on thin ice, but he skilfully avoids the dangerous spots. The play is well written, and unusually well interpreted by a cast of experienced artists.

In another quarter of a century, or perhaps less at the rate we are going, the question raised by this comedy may be so obsolete that it could not furnish a topic for a play.

YOU can't very well transform an old barouche into a 1918 model touring car. The attempt to put modern "pep" into the play of Dumas, generally called "Camille," to suit it to the requirements of Ethel Barrymore was an effort of the same sort. We all have a certain reverence for the old-time barouche which would disappear if it was equipped with twin cylinders, sparking plugs and an electric horn. "Camille" with a prologue, epilogue and Greenwich Village masquerade was robbed of a good deal of the sentimental atmosphere which hallows its ancient form. All the French seemed gone from this very Parisian drama, in fact, the brusque and business-like Armand of Mr. Tearle and the very British Mme. Prudence of Rose Coghlan seemed rather to Anglicize it.

We have long ago forgiven the archaic defects of the play, and regarded it simply as a test to be endured before any lady of the stage can be regarded as a thirty-third-degree member of the profession. Ethel Barrymore is an unusually sweet Marguerite, and sufficiently pathetic, even if her death scene does not fill the theatre with audible sobs. Perhaps at the time when her auditors should have been weeping they were wondering why a dying invalid should have a brilliant chandelier directly over her alcove bed.

Ethel Barrymore is moderately successful in her attempt at Camille. Next!



MR. FAVERSHAM and Maxine Elliott are two of our most nonchalant artists, and this quality is not a defect in the portrayal of the title characters of "Lord and Lady Algy."

As members of the sporting aristocracy the hero and heroine go through life with the winning or losing of a race its most serious business, and the co-stars find these flippant rôles exactly in their line. Mr. Faversham has added polish to his work since first he essayed this part, but it does not mar his depiction of the racing lord. His companion retains her stately beauty, and her assured composure makes her fit admirably into the rôle of Lady Algernon, beset with betting and matrimonial uncertainties. It is unusual to see a typical American actor able to get out of his Americanism, but Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle manages to be a thoroughly English irascible middle-class Englishman in an English comedy. He is quite as admirably English as Mr. Lumsden Hare as the heir of a duke. The rest of the cast is well chosen, and the play is excellently staged.

"Lord and Lady Algy" ranked well in an era of good English comedies. A sight of it may help to show why there is so little to commend in the more recent importations.

MISS ANGLIN is fortunate in having secured a recent English comedy that is above the ordinary in its cleverness of situation and lines. It is called "Billeted," and has its inspiration in the present war. Its fun rests on the pretended death of a British officer, which seems rather a dangerous theme just now, but it is delicately handled, and suggests nothing that is not amusing. We also fail to note the improbability of an Englishman, even in this war, rising to high regimental rank under a name not his own, which is good testimony to the skill of the playwrights in subordinating everything to the interest in the humor of the comedy.

Miss Anglin has a part which doesn't call on her highest powers as a comedienne, but which she makes thoroughly enjoyable to her audiences. Just now—perhaps always—a laugh is more useful than tears, and in this rôle she certainly makes us forget the meatless, wheatless, coalless, boozeless days and the dread possibilities of the new tax laws. In this praiseworthy task she is ably seconded by Mr. E. W. Emery, as her deceased husband, and the other members of a competent company.

THE moving-picture reaches the height of luxury in housing at the new Rivoli Theatre, constructed expressly to meet the experienced Mr. Rothapfel's views of what a moving-picture theatre should be. Externally and internally it is imposing in size, architecture, decoration and planning. With a shrewd knowledge of the moving-picture public, the house is arranged with a view to presenting a large percentage of other entertainment as a relief from the monotony of the movie drama.



AMONG the numerous offerings of the holidays the girl-and-music industry is represented by "Words and Music" and "Going Up." The former has as its comedian Mr. Richard Carle, who reverses the usual process by improving with age. His setting is of the girl-music-costume kind, but it lacks in originality and real fun. A too constant reliance on Elizabeth Brice and a trio of not overly-amusing vaudeville artists may be responsible for this impression. Any girl-and-music show on the usual lines has a pretty hard road to travel nowadays. "Words and Music" needs more motive power.

"Going Up" was wise in taking a play with a plot on which to hang its fun, girls and music. Formerly "The Aviator," in its present version it is an improvement on what it was, largely through the eccentric ability of Mr. Frank Craven. Mr. Hirsch supplies the unusually tuneful music, and Mr. Harbach has manipulated Mr. Montgomery's play into laughable libretto form. Edith Day is the very attractive leader of the pulchritudinous side of the forces, so that "Going Up" is exceptionally good diversion in its line.



IF the highest province of farce is to provoke laughter, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" should rank high as farce. It is not refined farce, in fact, it is in many ways what seems to fit the expressive term "rough house," and a good deal of its laughter comes from situations not likely to arise among conventional or prudish persons. The same qualification applies to the contrast in laugh-producing performance provided by Florence Moore and Mr. John Cumberland. The farce is funny, but not adapted to deacons, acidulated spinsters and professional prohibitionists. On second thoughts it might be humanizing to compel these classes to see a show at which they could not help laughing.

Metcalf.



Cop: AND TO THINK THAT THREE YEARS AGO I COULD HAVE PINCHED AVETHER OR BOTH AV THIM

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"Why Marry?" by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. See above.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Light and laughable comedy, well presented with Ina Claire as the charming heroine.

Bijou.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." Informal collection of girls, music, dancing and quite a bit of fun.

Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Drama of London life, interesting and well done with the star playing a double part.

Broadhurst.—Revival of "Lord and Lady Algy" with Mr. Faversham and Maxine Elliott in the title rôles. See above.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Diverting musical comedy with catchy songs.

Century.—"Miss 1917." Big girl-and-music show, more gorgeous and elaborate than clever.

Cocoanut Grove.—Midnight supper and dancing with the Spanish company from the Park as an agreeable accompaniment.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." The effect of apparel in making and marring fortunes made the basis of a well acted and laughable light comedy.

Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Ditchstein. Comedy from the French, risky, but very well done and immensely amusing.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players" in four contrasting and interesting playlets.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." Girl-and-music show with considerable fun, but suggestive in lines and lack of costuming.

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." The celebrated firm of Potash and Perlmutter engage in the moving-picture business with laughable results.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady of the Camellias." See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—Moving pictures of the United States navy.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"Over the Top." Girl-and-music show of the usual type raised to an unusual altitude.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Yes or No," by Mr. Arthur Goodrich. Drama of contrast, well acted and interesting from its original use of stage possibilities.

Fulton.—"Words and Music." See above.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. An elaborate and tasteful girl-and-music show as the vehicle for displaying a lot of the star's fun-making.

Harris.—"The Naughty Wife." Excellently acted and laughable farcical comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville on a large scale.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. A good lesson for middle-aged gentlemen who have become blasé, conveyed in a very well played sentimental comedy.

Knickerbocker.—Mrs. Fiske in the title rôle of "Madame Sand," by Mr. Philip Moeller. Celebrated characters of the middle of the last century faithfully reproduced in episodic play.

Liberty.—"Going Up." See above. (Naturally.)

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." Musical version of "The College Widow," bright and tuneful.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Drama of the Canadian Northwest, interesting and well staged.

Lyric.—Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." Spectacle of the Orient based on the story of "The Forty Thieves." Handsomely done with musical and colorful setting.

Maxine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Novel drama, original in plot and very well played.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. The fashionable dressmaking industry in New York made the background of an amusing but slangy sentimental comedy.

New Amsterdam.—"Cohan Review of 1918." Notice later.

Park.—"The Land of Joy." Spanish dancing of a delightful quality with an American comic-opera background.

Playhouse.—Margaret Anglin in "Billeted," by Jesse and Harwood. See above.

Plymouth.—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. Highly diverting light comedy, unusually well played.

Princess.—"The Grass Widow," by Messrs. Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. See above.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Charming musical play, original in theme and delightfully presented.

Theatre du Vieux Colombier.—Repertory of French plays by a fairly good imported stock company.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. Drama of an intense sex problem with the scenes divided between the Latin Quarter in Paris and a New York studio.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." Girl-and-music show on the usual large scale of the Winter Garden.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—New edition of after-theatre entertainment. Notice later.



WHY NOT EMPLOY AMERICANS?



Now for More Babies



SUZANNE BERTRAND,
BABY 1358

IT is too early for LIFE to receive any particulars of the distribution of the generous Christmas fund contributed by its readers for the twenty-two hundred French orphaned children who are being aided by their contributions. We have no doubt that we shall soon have some particulars, but it will be impossible for anyone to describe what it all means.

Let your imaginations run loose, good people, and try to picture to yourselves twenty-two hundred little children, scattered all over

France, each being made happy by unexpected Christmas gifts. You know what it means on a small scale, but you will find it hard to realize the vastness of this happiness, coming, too, in circumstances that make joy almost impossible.

The closing of the Christmas Fund showed a substantial surplus, but this money will be made to do even more lasting good by being added to the general fund for the support of the babies. Contributions to the Christmas Fund are:

Already acknowledged	\$2613.88
A. F. Woodart, Maynard, Mass.	2
Laura M. Brown, Perrysburg, Ohio	2
Russell Alexander, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Jessie Robbins, Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Ethel Roberts, Jefferson, Ohio	3
Marion W. Lewis, Birmingham, Ala.	5
Florence Arnott, Billings, Mont.	5
	\$2630.88

The main fund still goes marching on to the music of generous heart-beats. With the limited space that LIFE can devote to this work and the amount of it consumed in recording the contributions, we have not of late been able to go much into detail concerning its working, but apparently LIFE's readers are familiar with them, and have needed nothing more to enlist their help.

We have received for the main fund and special gifts \$157,465.00, from which we have remitted to Paris 905,864.95 francs. With gratitude we acknowledge from

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sneddon, Bayonne, N. J., for Babies Nos. 2103, 2104, 2105 and 2106	\$29.2
Women's Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2107, 2108 and 2109	219
The Valley View Auxiliary of New Canaan, Conn., for Babies Nos. 2110 and 2111	146
Frida Mary Burch and Robert B. Burch, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 2112	73
Laura V. Jones and Anna B. Jones, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 2113	73
Mrs. William C. Hawkins, Hamilton, Ontario, for Baby No. 2114	73
R. W. Wilmot, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 2117	73
Mrs. Gordon R. Campbell, Laurium, Mich., for Baby No. 2118	73
Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Blanton, Ironton, Ohio, for Baby No. 2119	73

"S. C. M., Buffalo," for Baby No. 2120	73
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gane and son, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 2121	73
The Panay Club and the Hoilo Golf and Country Club, Hoilo, P. I., for Baby No. 2122	73
I. W. Stewart, Oxnard, Cal., for Baby No. 2123	73
The Kappa Delta Club of Perth Amboy, N. J., for Baby No. 2124	73
Crown Chapter Sewing Circle, O. E. S., Columbus, Ohio, for Baby No. 2125	73
D. H. Grandin Milling Co., Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 2128	73
Mrs. E. M. Dexter, Milwaukee, Wis., for Baby No. 2129	73
The Bowen Branch Library, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 2130	73
William D. Sewall, Bath, Maine, for Baby No. 2131	73
"The G. S., Warsaw, N. Y., for Baby No. 2132	73
Miss Elizabeth K. Chambers, Granville, Ohio, for Baby No. 2133	73
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harper, La Jolla, Cal., for Baby No. 2134	73
Miss Beatrice Starr, New York City, for Baby No. 2135	73
Geo. A. Whiting, Baltimore, Md., for Baby No. 2137	73
Mrs. H. M. Thompson and Miss Edith D. Thompson, Milwaukee, Wis., for Babies Nos. 2138 and 2139	146
Mary Neilson Diven, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2140	73
"The Bacon Children," Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2141	73
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Stearns, Hoquiam, Wash., for Baby No. 2142	73
The Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., on account of Baby No. 2060	23.85
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., on account of Baby No. 1365	3
"Oklahoma City," on account of Baby No. 1902	25

BABY NUMBER 2102

Already acknowledged	\$52.41
Mrs. William C. Hawkins, Hamilton, Ontario	11
L. Pierre Valligny, New York City	5
"Margery's Christmas Dollar," Clarendon, Vt.	1
E. D. F. Seymour, Conn.	1.50
A. O. C., Jr., J. H. P. C. and T. H. C., Pleasantville, N. Y.	1.09
E. L. Harlow, Denver, Colo.	1
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2115

R. R. Jewell, Waltham, Mass.	\$16.50
Mrs. W. K. Archbold, Syracuse, N. Y.	36
E. D. F. Seymour, Conn.	.50
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2116

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wilson, Wellesley Hills, Mass.	\$10
Alice Dana Burnet, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio	25
St. Thomas Episcopal Sunday School of Providence, R. I.	10
J. S. Parker, Inlet, N. Y.	2
W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.	3
A. O. C., Jr., J. H. P. C. and T. H. C., Pleasantville, N. Y.	2.51
W. A. Whitney, Memphis, Tenn.	.49
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2126

W. A. Whitney, Memphis, Tenn.	\$2.01
W. L. P. and C. C. P., St. Louis, Mo.	25
L. F. Searle, Grand Gorge, N. Y.	25
Sada E. Stewart, Oxnard, Cal.	20
Mrs. M. P. Bishopp, Waterville, N. Y.	.99
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2127

Mrs. M. P. Bishopp, Waterville, N. Y.	\$4.01
Miss Rebecca Loper, Athens, Ohio	5
George Nesbit Urice, New York City	10
Anonymous, Waterloo, Iowa	10
Mrs. H. L. Cannon, Bridgeville, Del.	5
A. Friend, Lawton, Okla.	20
Florence M. Allen, Ogden, Utah	5
Suzanne Coutant, Haverstraw, N. Y.	1
The Fortnightly Club of Brockton, Mass.	10
Mrs. Ralph Tennal, Sabetha, Kansas	2.99
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2136

Mrs. W. C. Moore, Lakewood, Ohio	\$36.50
George A. Whiting, Baltimore, Md.	27
Mrs. Ralph Tennal, Sabetha, Kansas	2.01
Mrs. Helen V. W. Davidson, Roxbury, N. Y.	2
	\$67.51

BABY NUMBER 2143

The Fortnightly Club of Brockton, Mass.	\$25
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Names of babies assigned to contributors on page 78.

THE LATEST BOOKS

HUGH WALPOLE, in a dedicatory letter printed with his newly published novel, "The Green Mirror" (Doran, \$1.50), apologizes for the fact that the book, which was rough-drafted in 1914, deals with life before the war—that "its style, method and subject" belong to a day that "seems to us already old-fashioned." Mr. Walpole need not have made a personal apology. Almost all current fiction is tainted for us, in certain moods, with the same seeming. Bewildered ourselves, in a disorganized and rapidly altering world, we look, from habit, to find fiction, as of old, offering us contemporary, successive and many-angled interpretations of our life in it. But fiction is not only as bewildered as we, but is incapable of such rapid adjustments. As fast, but only so fast, as we acquire a common fund of shared experience in our new world, fiction will help us to co-ordinate it. Until then we must, for the most part, be content to read fiction, in a certain sense, reminiscently. With a few notable exceptions, the chief use that fiction has thus far found for the war is a convenient place to send disappointed lovers to.

"THE GREEN MIRROR," together with the author's "Fortitude" and "The Duchess of Wrex," forms part of a loosely connected series depicting the disintegration of the old social order in England. And it is true that the war has so hastened this process as almost to shift any study of it from the ranks of contemporary to that of historical fiction. But for the rest the book treats at bottom of human relationships that the war will in no wise put out of commission—the joint and several jealousies of a close-bound family group toward a stranger to whom the love and loyalty of one of its most submissive and useful members have gone out. It is a slow-burning, anthracite sort of drama; not wood-fire fiction. But this family group, with its internal strains and tensions, its smoldering animosities and recurrent explosions of personality, controlled and batted down by its traditions of solidarity, is very livingly portrayed for us.

"SONIA: BETWEEN TWO WORLDS," by a new writer named Stephen McKenna (Doran, \$1.50) is the season's nearest approach to a co-



"OVER THE TOP, WITH THE BEST OF LUCK"

ordinative fictional treatment of the effect of war. It follows the history of a coterie of able and influential young Britishers from youth in the '80's, through the intellectual ferment of the early years of the new century and the orgiastic materialism of the final period before the great debacle, to the sobering effects of disaster and the regenerative influence of the dark present in England. But, able and informed as Mr. McKenna is, and earnestly as he has tried to put

the horse of the new era in the cart-shafts of the old for us, he has only succeeded in being genuinely interpretative backward. His new *Sonia* is less than convincing. But her old world, and ours, is shown up in a revealing perspective.

WE Americans have few first-hand realizations of the war to co-ordinate as yet, anyway. We are still busy trying
(Continued on page 75)



A CONNECTICUT newspaper prints a long howl of protest against LIFE's continued inquiry for the reasons why the trustees named below continue to keep certain moneys away from LIFE's Fresh Air children. One of the trustees is influential in the town where the newspaper is printed, and, if he did not write the article himself, there is internal evidence that he inspired it. It would make interesting reading for the Fresh Air children.

In the article the statement is made that the money is now in the possession of the trustees' treasury, "and likely to stay there."

Some men, when they get hold of other persons' money, seem to have a constitutional aversion to letting go of it. Far be it from us to make any imputation that these trustees are dishonest. They like to hang on to the children's money, and being in their hands, it is "likely to stay there."

Here are the facts:

In his will the late Edwin Gilbert of Redding, Connecticut, left three hundred shares of the stock of the Gilbert Manufacturing Company with these instructions: "The dividends and income thereof to be used for the maintenance of the work carried on at LIFE's Farm." The reference is to the work of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, with which Mr. Gilbert was familiar, and in which he was interested.

The stock and accrued money have passed into the hands of

SAMUEL J. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut;

DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut;

DR. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut,

and certain relatives and employees of Mr. MILLER, as trustees.

The "dividends and interest" accrued since December, 1910 now amount to considerably more than ten thousand dollars.

The accumulated income is sadly needed for improved sanitation, fireproofing and increased dormitory space to add to the safety, health and comfort of the poor children Mr. Gilbert intended to help. Although LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has repeatedly requested and demanded that these funds be used as Mr. Gilbert directed, the trustees have not paid over the money. The presumption is that it is still in their hands. Under the laws of Connecticut there is no way to compel them to disgorge.

How Many Bad Ones Left?

ISN'T it almost time now to get Holland or Spain to take a census of the surviving Germans, and see what proportion of the bad ones are dead?

Eliminate those Germans who have dangerous manias, and the residue, if there is one, will be well worth keeping.

The object of the war is to eliminate the German incurables. Whenever that is done sufficiently we can have peace.



ANOTHER INFANT INDUSTRY

"WHY did Secretary Daniels object to women knitting for the sailors?"

"Probably because he planned to make the sailors do their own knitting."

FOOD
ADMINISTRATION
OFFICER



"CONTENTS NOTED"



AGAIN THE BARBARIAN VISITS ITALY

From Our Readers



"Over There"

Dear Editor:

I am taking the liberty of writing you, thinking that you, like most of us, don't dislike a little praise. I have just received four of your numbers, which were forwarded to me from Canada. Needless to say, I am always delighted to get them. Anyway, after looking through my latest numbers, I just wished to tell you that I have never seen anything that I liked as much as "Lest We Forget," in the copy of September 13, 1917. After seventeen months of it "Over there," I can quite agree with the artist. I also want to tell you how much we all appreciate the great way you have always backed us up in the past three years. Hoping that LIFE will always be with us in the future, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

L. Cpl. CHAS R. ROSS,
3rd Canadian Division.

Norfolk War Hospital, Nov. 25, 1917.

Lord Lansdowne's Letter

Editor of LIFE:

Read your good editorial of 13th with great interest. Glad you saw in the Lansdowne letter an effort to make peace look practicable and attractive to the war-weary mass of the Germans. I fear the Junkers will make it appear an indication of the Allies' war-weariness. You say: "Whenever peace is declared, it will be on terms fair to Germany, but there never will be terms with a monster mad with an obsession for world-mastery." That expresses the case exactly,

as I understand the feelings of the great mass of the American people, and your paper can do no greater service than impress that sentence on the minds of the world, so far as is possible.

With kind regards and best wishes,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH S. COOK.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 15, 1917.

Not a Traitor!

To the Editor of LIFE:

I noticed your Traitors' Number and picture on the front cover. It saddened me rather than angered me, although I think it is a thoroughly contemptible cartoon, and that you know better, or at least should know better, than to publish such a thing. The publication that published the picture of a fashionable restaurant full of roisterers in evening dress, the floor of which was supported on the brawny fists and bended backs of workers who were about to break, or were breaking, I don't remember which, through the floor—the publication that can publish that picture as well as many other things I have noticed in your paper, should know better than to class La Follette as a traitor.

I would suggest that you get La Follette's speeches on the War Resolution, the War Tax Bills and free speech, under the dates of April 6th, August 21st, September 1st and 10th and October 6th, and read them. If those in control of LIFE's policy will read those speeches in full by themselves, uncontaminated by the poisonous surroundings by which they

are placed by the kept press, they never will publish a cartoon calling Robert La Follette a traitor. He is one of the few Americans in this country who is really faithful to the interests of the American people.

Yours very truly,

WM. BROSS LLOYD.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1917.

Oh, No!

Editor of LIFE:

Dear Sir: I am just a common, ordinary rookie, now in detention camp at Great Lakes naval training station.

I have just finished a delightful hour reading the Treason Number of LIFE. I was disappointed, somewhat, however. I found six places where the Sammies of the army were featured; only one where the Jackies of the navy were featured. The Jackie appeared in a picture of a mother and her two sons, one a sailor, the other a soldier.

This favoritism is noticeable most everywhere. The sailor boys notice it more than others. Please give us our due.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. F. VAN HORN.

Co. 64, 5th Regiment, Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill., Dec. 14, 1917.

(In the issue of LIFE to which our friend refers it just happened that the Sammies received more than usual attention. As for the boys in the navy, our friend must read this paper regularly to know how much we love them. —EDITOR.)

We Apologize

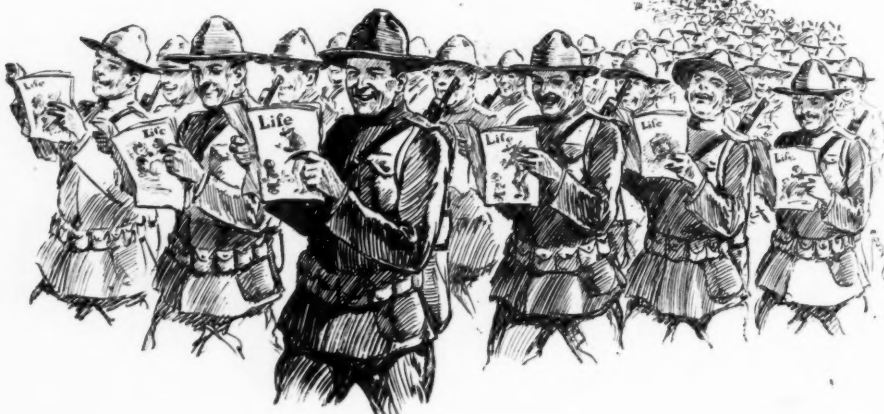
Dear LIFE:

You are making a splendid record, and are right on every subject—dogs, the President, the Prussian, Creel and prohibition. Your editorials invariably hit the mark. Metcalfe is the best dramatic critic since William Winter. Edward S. Martin is an author and stylist whose essays deserve enduring form. But I want to call attention to an oversight. You have not told a lie about Colorado in six months. The trash you used to print was appreciated out here. We miss it.

Cordially yours,

EDWARD RING.

Denver, Colorado, Dec. 15, 1917.



FULL EQUIPMENT



And think how needlessly I suffered
with a poor complexion before I discovered
Resinol Soap

"When my complexion was red, rough and unsightly, I was so *ashamed* that I never enjoyed myself. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they *did*! But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin. I *wish* you'd try it!"

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which Resinol Soap contains and which physicians prescribe so extensively, in Resinol Ointment, for the treatment of skin affections.

You are sure to enjoy using Resinol Soap, because it is so *exceptionally* pure, cleansing and refreshing.

For a woman of fashion there can be no luxury equal to the consciousness that her complexion is clear, fresh and delicately radiant.

Resinol Soap helps to accomplish this without making extra demands on your already overcrowded day, and as for expense—it doubtless costs less than the soap which you are at present using and which can do nothing but cleanse.

It contains no harsh, drying alkali, and is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to its Resinol medication.

Resinol Soap is excellent for the hair and for a baby's tender skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and the best dealers in toilet articles. For a trial cake, sufficient for a week's use, write to

Dept. 37-B, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



What Did Solomon Say?

London children certainly get some quaint views of life. An instance of this recently occurred in an East End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'y'er want for the lot?"
—*London Opinion.*

"WELL, the war brings new alignments."

"Yes, yes. Various people view it in various ways. Heard a lady at the drug-store the other day insisting that the druggist cash a Canadian quarter at face value, on the ground that we are now allies."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"BAGGED—AT THE KNEES"

BIGGS: I'd join the church if it wasn't so full of hypocrites.

DIGGS: That needn't deter you. There's always room for one more.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Same Old Hours

She was a widow who was trying to get in touch with her deceased husband.

The medium, after a good deal of futile work, said to her:

"The conditions this evening seem unfavorable. I can't seem to establish communication with Mr. Smith, ma'am."

"Well, I'm not surprised," said the widow, with a glance at the clock. "It's only half-past eight now, and John never did show up till about three a. m."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Had an Advantage

HECK: Yes, I have met your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her.

PECK: Ah! That's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Modern Pyrrhus

KAISER: I vill now review der Fifth Army Corps.

MAJOR: Highness, since the glorious victory yesterday over the hated English der ain't no corps!—*Bystander.*

ANNE: She said that she had to get some warm clothes for winter.

NAN: How hopelessly out of style she always is!—*Buffalo Express.*

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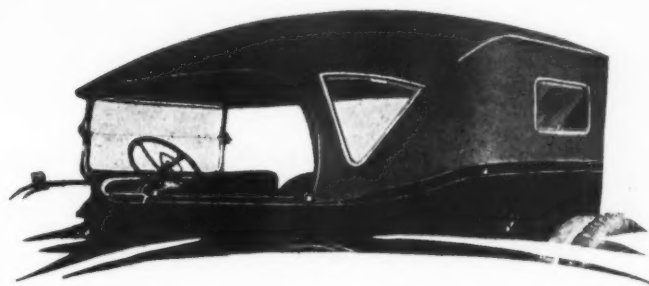
The Wolf: GRACIOUS! YOU'RE NO MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL!

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 69)

to imagine it. Hence the interest that such a book as Eric Fisher Wood's "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" (Century, \$1.75) is capable of rousing in us. The author, who is an American himself, has seen varied and much special service, both in the trenches and out, and his book fills gaps in our knowledge of men and methods. His description of the organization and workings of the English mail censorship, for instance, is a revelation. We are learning daily, too, as our own transports sail, how impersonal the war has really been to us in spite of our fancied closeness to it. Thousands of us will now read such a graphic piece of writing as William Yorke Stevenson's description of work with the American Ambulance Corps, "At the Front in a Flivver" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25), with a sense of personal contact not previously achievable.

MOREOVER, our own fiction—unlike that of England or the Continent—is still able to be completely contemporary and significant, while practically ignoring the war. "The Rise of David Levinsky" (Harper's, \$1.50) is a case in point. The author, Abraham Cahan, came to this country from Russia in 1882, but has heretofore written mostly in Yiddish or for the Jewish press. In this fictional autobiography of a Russian-Jewish immigrant lad, by training a Talmud scholar and by ambition an intellectual, who is driven to pushing a peddler's barrow on the East Side, and gradually abandons his scholarly dreams to become a successful, yet dissatisfied, manufacturer of clothing, Cahan has given us something at once unequivocally



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A grey, dingy, faded top will make any car look passé. Don't sell your car because the top looks shabby. Get a new top—a top that stays new.



never fades. It is water, grease, stain and dust proof—and as cleanable as glass. When soiled by travel, plain water will restore its beauty. It is guaranteed not to leak, crack nor peel for one year, but built to last the life of your car.

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American and at the same time intimately revelatory of the Jewish mind and character. It is a fine piece of work.

IT is a new note in American fiction, this of the frankly articulate Jew. And it is struck again, skillfully but in lighter vein, by Edna Ferber in her new story of the struggle between a young Wisconsin Jewess's business ability and her artistic impulses, "Fanny Herself" (Stokes, \$1.40). In a way these two books are, as the reviewers say, "epochal." We

who love dogs are familiar with the ways of a strange pup in a new home. He may or may not have any manners to speak of. He seldom hesitates to grab bones that don't belong to him. But for a long time he modestly refrains from giving tongue in the management of the household. And then, some fine day, he ups and barks at the ice-man when he scrapes his feet on the kitchen porch. And we know that at last he regards himself definitely as one of the family.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Listerine will often
relieve inflammation
and soreness of the
throat and check an
incipient cold.
As agreeable as it
is effective.

As agreeable as it
is effective.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.,
U. S. A.

The Red Cross Misappropriation

It seems to me that the people who gave money to the American Red Cross supposed it was to be used directly for the relief of human suffering, and had no intimation that any part of it was to be employed for the erection of a building in which experimentation on animals was to be carried on. The Red Cross should have let it be understood that part was going for this purpose, and let those who believe in it contribute to it. When people give money, and discover it is being used for a purpose different from that which they intended, they feel they are not being treated quite fairly. Of course, the Red Cross could say that millions of dollars have been given to it by people who believe in experimentation on animals, and that the \$100,000 can be considered as coming out of that portion of its funds, but this would hardly answer. The fact remains that your money and mine went into the Red Cross work, and bears its share of whatever that work may be.—*Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

"Of all the days that are in the week
I dearly love but one day;
And that is the day that comes between
A Wednesday and a Monday,"
sang Sally's sweetheart, the reason being
that he was a regular subscriber to
LIFE, and always looked forward to the
day the weekly copy would reach him.



For Fascinating Hair

Feminine beauty is complete only when the hair is healthy—lustrous, vivid with life, rich in natural tone. Pétrole Hahn imparts these charming qualities. It contains natural Petroleum (delicately perfumed) and other ingredients which cleanse, enrich and beautify the hair. Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00 at dealers or by parcel post.

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Madama Butterfly
Act II—Sc. I

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Connoisseur

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."

—New York Globe.

A Good Start

"Well, this cook has the record."

"How so?"

"She broke something before she started in."

"What on earth was that?"

"Her promise to come."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two pals, both recently wedded, were comparing the merits of their wives.

"Ah, yes," said George, who was still very much in love, "my little woman is an angel! She couldn't tell a lie to save her life!"

"Lucky bounder!" said Samuel, sighing. "My wife can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth!"

—New York Globe.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities
any other cigarette.

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Smyrnyos

Makers of the Highest Grade
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



The Real Critics

NEIGHBOR: How is your boy getting along in the army?

VETERAN: Well, he attracted the attention of the general, and made quite a hit with the colonel, and is very popular with his captain—but he is finding it awful hard to please the sergeant and the corporal.—London Opinion.

"Jack said my face was a poem."

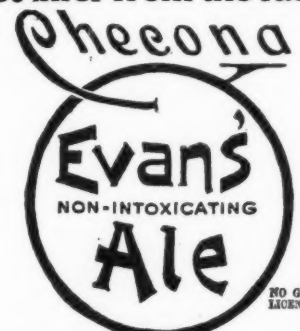
"It is, dear—like one of Browning's."

"How do you mean?"

"Some of the lines are so deep."

—Boston Transcript.

Do not infer from the fact that



is in the soft drink class that it is of the water kind. The difference gives it distinction. It is a bread and butter beverage goes fine with a substantial meal or a "blue noon or night."

Order from Grocer, Druggist or Dealer
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Estab. 1786, HUDSON, N.Y.

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Remove
Indigestion. One pack
proves it. 25c at all druggists



"THAT'S NOTHING, OLD TOP. I'M USED TO WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS"

The Ultimate Indignity

CAUTIOUSLY, timidly, John Perriwinkle mounted the front stoop of his house and inserted the night-key in the latch. He had been absent three days without leave—what would his wife say when she saw him? He stood in dread of her anger; so did all the workers in the "Cause"—but, then, they were not married to her. Silently he opened the door, then with infinite care closed it behind him. On tip-toe John proceeded to mount the stairs to the second story, then turned toward the front of the house. At this time of the day Mary would be having her breakfast and glancing through her mail.

Taking a deep breath, he drew the portières apart and stepped into the morning-room. As he had foreseen, his wife was sipping her coffee, while on the table before her lay a pile of letters and newspapers and pamphlets. At his entrance she glanced up from the letter which she was reading. There was a far-away look in her eyes, but as they rested on him her thoughts came back to the present. Nervously John swallowed.

"My dear, I—I—" he stammered, growing pitifully red. Then his voice deserted him.

There was a moment of painful silence.

"So you've been for a walk before breakfast?" remarked Mary at length. "That's a good idea. But now ring for your coffee and toast, and get through quickly. I want you to copy my lecture on 'Marital Felicity,'" and she dropped her eyes to the interrupted letter.

With a sigh that was only partly relief, John turned to push the electric bell.

She had not even noticed his absence.

W. W. Whitelock.

Efficiency Rampant

"DID that efficiency sharp address your club the other night?"

"No. He prepared the address, but he came around one day late. Made a mistake in the date."

"Was anybody there?"

"No. But that made no difference. He forgot to bring his address with him."

GOOD FRIENDS
GOOD CIGARS
GOOD STORIES
AND
CLYSMIC
OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

Pleases Everybody

There's something about The Hollenden that everybody likes.

It may be the unusually good food and uniformly excellent service; convenience of location; the club like comforts of the famous Red Room Lounge and other parlors. Or, it may be the traditions which have arisen about this hotel during its years of service to the traveling public.

Whatever it is—there's something that attracts Hollenden guests; something that brings the majority of them back to The Hollenden time after time—and each time they generally find something new to like which they hadn't noticed before.

The Hollenden
Cleveland

Cape

Gloves are more than smart
—they're durable.

Unlike Suedes, they are
dressed right-side-out and
retain the vigor of the
original skin. Fownes Capes
are also washable,—kept
fresh and sanitary with
ordinary soap and water.

Style, comfort and war-time
economy lead inevitably to
Fownes—and to the conclusion
that if it's a

FOWNES
that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE.

The Terrible Tank

THE Terrible Tank
Demolished a bank

And gambolled across the green;
He sought for his foe,
That miscreant low,
The Sinister Submarine.

The Terrible Tank,
With clatter and clank,
Proceeded to vent his spleen,
For under the tide
Continued to hide
The Sinister Submarine.

The Terrible Tank
An artist of rank
Persuaded to paint a scene
Of ships on the waves,
To lure from his caves
The Sinister Submarine.

The Terrible Tank
(Disguised as a Blank
Of humble and modest mien),
Beheld, from the sea
Emerging in glee,
The Sinister Submarine.

The Terrible Tank
Debouched by the flank;
He traversed the space between,
And, thundering on,
Descended upon
The Sinister Submarine!

The Terrible Tank
Triumphantly drank
A bumper of gasoline,
And left in his wake,
As flat as a cake,
The Sinister Submarine.

Arthur Guiterman.

French Babies

(Continued from page 68)

1879. Anne Coffec. Miss Gail Curtis.
1810. Justin Corbères. Mr. and Mrs. M.
C. Ward.
1814. Francois Crenn. Mr. and Mrs. E.
C. Wright.
1819. Edouard Darey. Mrs. J. P. Fair-
child.
1878. Marie Thérèse Delliaux. William S.
Ford.
1890. Georges Delacroix. Caroline G. and
Helen Tallman.
1815. Lucienne Desplaces. "Anonymous."
1857. Pierre Diaz. Mrs. John E. Snyder.
1809. Jean Difaza. Charles Albert Mo-
reno.
1884. Philomène Dizes. Several contribu-
tors.

1862. Pierre Donval. Mrs. D. W. Grubbs.
1829. Jean Dubille. Mrs. Blanche Irbe
Bremner.
1891. Charlotte Dubroca. Caroline G. and
Helen Tallman.
1867. Gabrielle Dumas. Ethical Culture
School, New York City.
1864. Maurice Dunand. Ray D. Lilli-
bridge.
1892. Ernest Emery. Rudolph Schmitz.
1866. Paul Gabriel Favier. L. A. Mack.
1874. Gaston Finoel. Mrs. C. H. Bene-
dict.
1886. Jeanne Fradel. G. W. Chandler, Jr.
1893. Suzanne Gault. Rudolph Schmitz, Jr.
1817. Eva Gay. The Clinton "French
War Orphan Life Fund Circle," Clinton,
Iowa.
1834. Marie Giresse. The French Orphans
Society of Liberty, Mo.

To Dispel Gloom Read

Vanity Fair

Now, more than ever, there is need for
what the English call "the cheero spirit."
Need for keeping a stiff upper lip. Need
for hiding a long face, for a full measure
of pluck, and for great good humor.



©Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair deals with all the unusual aspects of the war; its strange and curious phases, its brilliant flashes of genius, its indomitable art created between shell and shell, the music that rises from its trenches, the unquenchable humor of the men out in the mud, the outstanding figures of soldiers and statesmen at home.

FROM the beginning, England has made it a national point of honour to see the cheerful side of the war, to the complete mystification of the apostles of kultur and hymnsters of hate. *Punch's* handling of the war is famous. Captain Bairnsfather's cartoons have made *The Bystander* a household word in the British Empire. They have been read with delight in the trenches—and with horror in Berlin!

VANITY FAIR, of course, publishes serious studies on serious phases of the war. It also publishes as they deserve those incidents and accidents of war-time life which call for humorous appreciation or caustic comment. *Punch* has never jested at Gallipoli—but it has ridiculed notoriety seekers, scorched slackers with satire, and with sympathetic fun of Tommy's minor tribulations. So, also, does Vanity Fair.

Get the Cheero Spirit:

Vanity Fair covers the war. But it also publishes—as always—everything entertaining and amusing in civil life. Not only should you have on your library table those publications which treat only the most serious aspects of the war in the most serious way. But with them, you should also have Vanity Fair, which echoes the songs of the Sammies, the skirl of the pipers, and does its bit to maintain the cheero spirit here at home.

9 Issues of Vanity Fair for \$2

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If you do not know Vanity Fair, or would like to know it better, you may have the next nine issues for \$2—and even ten, if you mail the coupon now.

You think nothing—in your poor deluded way—of spending \$2 for a single theatre ticket, or two faded gardenias. Yet for that very \$2 you may have ten months of Vanity Fair, and with it more entertainment than you would get from a winter of problem plays, or a five-foot shelf of novels.

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Getting Away From the War

One of the most interesting human touches that have come to us from the western front is the observation of a soldier who declared the other day that he derived more genuine pleasure in the trenches from the perusal of Jane Austen's works than from any other source. He explained it by saying that the intense strain of modern warfare, continued over a period of time, created a kind of passion for idyllic quietness, for the serenity of domestic life.

That is true of all of us. Even to those removed from the war's close realism comes the constant need of relaxation, of the calmer joys of life, of that sort of intellectual freedom which allows the mind to play over the whole range of fundamental human emotions, and to expand with the delight of a child over

some creative impulse expressed in the full terms of the artistic imagination.

Books are rare that can perform this invaluable service for us. To be able to lose one's self in a good story,



Youth soars on wings which are invisible to the eyes of Age.

which transports us on the wings of fancy to remote regions, which deals with foolish love, and treats with rare humor and mature vivacity those things which invigorate our

spirits—surely this is more than worth while at the present moment; it is essential.

Reading Mr. Mitchell's new book "Drowsy" is like going on a vacation to the land of Fancy. How many times have you imagined that, just for once, you would like to have enough real diamonds? And then, never to have to think of anything but the girl you love, and to be able to go to her, no matter where she is!

Those who have read "Amos Judd" and "The Pines of Lory" will fully understand how Mr. Mitchell has the power to carry one out of one's self. How well he does it in "Drowsy," his latest novel!

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FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PLAIN ENDS
ORIGINAL

"SHIPMATES"

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A Quarter Here

Plain or Cork